

A RELATION

Of the Defeat of the

Rebels in the West,

With an Account of their Plundering and Defacing the Cathedral Church at *Wells*, &c.

STop *Perkin*, stop; *Perkin Warbeck*, Prince Pretty-man of *Lime*, the *Taunton Comet*, and *Ignis Fatuus* of the *West*, has with open Violence broken into the Church of *Wells*, thrown the Pulpit out of the Windows, and run away with the Roof. He hath Rob'd us of all our Spiritual Ornaments, like Sir *William Waller*, all under pretence of *Popish Reliques*; Consecrated Plate, Gallons and Pottles: We have not a Cup nor Chalice left to wet the Lips of a Thirsty Sinner.

Oh! 'tis a dismal pain! We may all Ring backwards now; this *Cacafogo* has set the Church on Fire, and melted down all the *Leads*. Yes. we may Ring, and make a noise till our Tongues drop out of our Mouths, and our Breeches be expos'd to the open Air: None will be so Charitable to cover our Nakedness: What shall we do? Set Fire to our Wheels, and Hang our selves to an Eternal Silence in our own Ropes? No matter, for should we be for ever Silent, all the Land will Ring of this Action; not a *Pancridge* with a Brace of Candlesticks, but in a lamentable Knell will bewail the misfortune, and desolate Estate of *Wells* and *Glassenbury*.

The Grove Assemblies and Field Conventicles will only Envy us, who must needs now conclude our Conversation to be there, who have no other Roof but Heaven for our Covering. Besides in this time of the Warfare of the Saints, when Stables are Churches, it may prevent our *Cathedral* from being turn'd into Stables, for such Conversions are usual with the Saints, where Rebellion is Religion, and Sacrilege Devotion. But who says *Perkin* has no Devotion, that can Whine out a Religious Cant with *Ferguson*, and has his Pockets stuff'd with Bibles like *Oliver's Porter*. O brave *Perkin*! There's your True blew Protestant, who in Defiance of *Popery*, has vow'd to support the Gospel by Defacing the *Cathedrals*, and Batter *Babylon* by Erecting *Babel*. This

is a Method the very *Papists*, nay the *Pope* himself wou'd For-
swear; to take up Unjust Arms against *Cæsar*, and Settle Religion
by pulling down the *Churches*. 'Tis a stretch beyond the Bold-
ness of *Abfalom* to Rob the Sacred Temple, and bring the Spoil
into the Tents of *Israel*.

But why this Religious Plunder? On what Golden foundati-
on does he intend to build his Church, that will not admit a
Leaden Roof to stand? Was it out of Zeal to the Cause? Or
Covetousness of the Lead, to find them Victuals or Ammunition?
Had it been *Irish Slate*, it might have serv'd to Heal the Soldiers
Bruizes, and to Cleanse ill Blood, or but good wholesome
Straw, it might have serv'd for Provinder for his Horses.
but Lead, and so many Tun too; save us from a great Gun. If
the Rebels have such *Ostridge* Stomachs, that they can digest
Mettal, Lead, and cold Iron; sure they had their Bellies full on
Munday last, enough to furnish them for a Voyage into the other
World, when several thousands with *Ferguson*, lay dead upon the
spot, and all it's thought, of a Surfeit of too much Lead, or
over-charging the Carcasses with cold-Iron.

The Tyrant, who to supply his present occasion, with a touch
turn'd the Leads of *St. Peters-Church* of *Rome* into Gold; had
some *Phylosopher*, who pretended it was done by the power of
the Sun-beams reflecting so many years upon the Elevated Roof.
But thou hast no more of Wit, than the *Phylosophers-Stone*, who
can make no other conversion of Lead but into Bullets, which
return ten fold upon thy self, or hammer it out into half-pence
for want of Money, (as the *Saxons* did their Leather) bearing the
Character of thy name, that is to thy Eternal memory, *Rebel*,
Traytor, Son of a W----.

Poor *Perkin*, I ever fear'd the ill consequence of thy folly and
groundless ambition; thy robbing of Churches, *Rape* and *Plun-*
der, were but ill Omens, and could never come to a better end.
How couldst thou expect to come off with the loss of less than
15 hundred after the robbing of a Cathedral, when *Cambyes* lost
50 thousand for but attempting to Plunder the Temple of *Jupiter*
Ammon, but a Heathen Deity? there were others who far'd no
better at *Delphos*, but what were either destroyed soon after, or
ruin'd in the attempt. This I fear will be thy Fate suddenly, and
all thy ungracious Adherents, with *Grey*, *Goodenough*, and the rest;
when thou after so great a Defeat, past all Hope, as well as Grace,
will come to some unlucky end, and we again shall have a new
Roof, and flourish in spight of *Sacriledge* and *Rebellion*.

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